TRUTH'S CHAMPION
OR AN
ELEGIE On the much to be Lamented Death of that Pious and Godly Minister of the Gospel. Mr. ALEXANDER SHIELDS.

INvoke no Muse, but the Cœlestial King,
When you the Praises of a Saint do sing:
A Saint who did his Master's Cause defend,
And boldly for his Countrey's Rights contend.
He does a Victim for his Countrey fall,
Which CourtiersPride, and Church-Men's Greed enthral
This Presbyter the Truth did ever Love;
Nor could his Holy Soul at all approve,
A Popish King's Indulgences to take,
And by such Means the Solemn League to break:
The Breach of Solemn Oaths he still did dread,
Nor truckl'd under Court-Designs for Bread:
Which, to the Blush may put some Preaching Dons,
Beneath whose Greed Our Bleeding Countrey groans.
He with the Truth did still adorn his *Shield*,
Which made him boldly to maintain the Field.
While others strive through blackest Crimes to raise
To their base Names tall Pyramids of Praise,
His Name shall be embalm'd with the Perfume
Of Sweeter Spices than from *Ægypt* come.
Truth's Balmy Laurel shall surround his Name,
And Fame, that mighty Herauld, shall proclaim
Those Just Encomiums that to him are due.
And every Age his Praises still renew.
SHIELD's shall not dye, while there's an honest heart
That loveth Truth, and Truth will still impart.
He scorn'd the fawning Flatt'ries of the Age,
Nor would with truckling Parasites engage.
His honest heart could never entertain
A thought, that might his Holy Garment stain.
Nor knew such Virtue in perswasive Gold,
That for it's Sake his Countrey could be sold.
He harmless, thought that *Achan* could not lodge
In GOD's great Temple with his golden Wedge:
Achan before was lodged in the Camp,
But *Rabbi's* now receive the Fatal Stamp.
With our own Substance we are bought and sold;
Men of all Ranks obey the Chink of Gold.
A fatal thing to this Poor-Bleeding Land,
Whose Wealth and Trade they vainly do withstand.
This Holy Man more eagerly was bent
For Christ's Seraphick Kingdom, and was sent
A Harbinger i'th' *Indies*, to proclaim
Our Soveraign Lords great Doctrine and his Name.
But having seen what Villany could do
His Soul was struck with penetrating Woe.
Then HeavenlyPowers who all these Crimes foresee
Did by Eternal Wisdom straight decree
This Holy Soul should quickly take its Flight,
Before he heard these Gloomy Shades of Night
Darken'd our Lamps, and so Eclips'd our Skye,
That we below the Gloomy Darkness lye.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND